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The whole work of Love.

OR:

A NEW POEM,

On a Young Lady; who is violently in Love with a Gentleman of *LINCOLNS-INN*;

A very silly poem.

By a Student *in the said ART.*

25. Sept. 1682

LOVE is a thing that's not on Reason laid,
But upon Nature and her Dictates made:
Fancy I mean; for that prescribes the way,
For Love at last, to make her Holly-Day.
Our thoughts like Winds, that vary every Hour,
When blowing on a Thatcht-house, or a Tower:
Which is the Case, of this our Lady, then
Sometimes she's high, and then she's still agen;
At last, Love is taken by its own Hook,
Like a Sea-nimph, near, to a purling Brook:
Changing its Waters, and its Element, Gay;
Love, it discovers all, to go to Play.
And then, Circkling about his belov'd Arms,
And that for ever, on Loves Immortal Charms:
And goes into the Chamber, of th' Marriage Bed,
There to take Pleasure, and lay down its Head.
Love like a Souldier, coming to the Field,
At length is Conquerr'd, and is forc'd to yield;
Since every thing, does unto a Center tend
The result of Nature, and of Friendships end.
Love is a God! and does what it pleases,
It Cures Wounds, and when it will, us eases:
The Master Spring, of each humane desire,
Love is an Angel, of the Angelick Quire.
But, now it seemeth: and that at the last,
Love, like a Sea-man, does his Anchor cast:
Resolving in Port, for to Wash and Tallow,
Let the Seas be Green, Dark, Blew or Yellow.
For she it seems; if any means be left,
Turns Pirate, and so commits a Theft.
Have him she will, or else this Life depart:
Love, is a thing beyond the Power of Art.
'Tis as strong as Death, we all do know,
'Tis a thing, that still doth cure our woe.
Were't not for this, 'twould be no joy to Live;
And in the World: and that for to survive;
The Powers above! on us this gift does throw,
That so, all Pleasures, we may fully know:
Having tasted, that we Epicures, may turn,
And so for ever, in Loves fire to burn.
For, of all Annimals, Lovers are most blest,
Since that's the Life, of humane happiness;
Without that, each Person's like to a Rat,
And has no Pleasure, except that of the Cat.
For Love's a thing, distinguishes us from Beasts,
It raises Honour, and our Vitals Feasts:
Plants us in the form, of Virtuosoes great,
And so doth Crown, our frail and fickle State.
Therefore at last, Love now has fixt its Eye,
Upon a Gentleman, of much Gallantry;
Like to the Eagle, resolving for a Prey,
Takes up the Kite, and marches quite away:
And when that all her wild measures has sown,
Love is resolv'd, to make the Town her own.
Have him she will, and Marry him; at last,
Love shuts the Door, and then besure all's fast.
To summ up all, our Gentleman doth say
He Loves not Bog-wiggs: and that on any Lay;
That his Mistris, most fine, such things should wear,
As the Tree does Fruit, in Summer of the Year.
He is a Man, for Nature: only so,
And in her Paths, with her would run and go:
Would not have her, each thing from Art *exchange*,
For all things, but Nature, are to him most strange.
So, if Love will have it, a Marriage to be,
We'l all come see the *Ivy* and *Oak* Tree:
Twineing together, by Natures Commands,
The thing is done, and the World claps Hands.

FINIS.

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